

The Pocahontas Times.

PRICE BROS. EDITORS.
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TERRIBLE BAD MAN

The Court of Inquiry finds that Admiral Schley, who was in command of the American fleet when it sunk the Spanish ships off Santiago, is a very poor naval officer, and the reason why he has not stumped his toe and broken his neck long ago is due more to good luck than management.

They find that his game of winning battles was full of errors and that he cannot be believed on oath.

The effect is that the judgement giving the prize money to Admiral Sampson, who did not participate in the battle, is confirmed. The court finds that personally Schley conducted himself heroically at Santiago, but that his presence there was a draw-back to the Americans rather than a help.

This is the majority report and the decision is made by Benham and Ramsey. Dewey the president makes a minority or what we would call a dissenting opinion, in the following words:

"In the opinion of the undersigned, the passage from Key West to Cienfuegos was made by the Flying Squadron with all possible dispatch, Commodore Schley having in view the importance of arriving off Cienfuegos with as much coal as possible in the ships' bunkers. The blockade of Cienfuegos was effective. Commander Sibley in permitting the steamer Adula to enter the port of Cienfuegos, expected to obtain information concerning the Spanish squadron when she came out. The passage from Cienfuegos to a point about twenty two miles south of Santiago was made with as much dispatch as possible while keeping the squadron a unit. The blockade of Santiago was effective. Commodore Schley was the senior officer of our squadron off Santiago when the Spanish squadron attempted to escape on the morning of July 3, 1898. He was in absolute command and is entitled to the credit due such commanding officer for the glorious victory which resulted in the total destruction of the Spanish ships."

GEORGE DEWEY.

Admiral U. S. A.

This report is all that it should be. The inquiry was conducted for months and we failed to see anything against Schley. It seems now that he won the battle by committing a number of fouls. That unless the Spaniards were sunk according to Hoyle they should not have been sunk at all.

The real truth of the matter is that some of the little tin officers of the navy hate Schley so bitterly that they render decisions, seeing things with jaundiced eyes of an unjust judge.

A PEDDLER'S PACK

About fifteen years ago the county was full of Hebrew peddlers, who carried their goods in packs or on wagons from house to house and sold goods ranging from a pair of shoe strings to a bed spread. The Hebrew emigrant when he arrived in this country finds some one to stock him and he goes through the country living hard and selling all the goods he can.

This State got so full of pack peddlers that the legislature put a heavy license on the market peddler and \$150 on the driving peddler. This was in favor of the merchants and to prevent the hawkers from besieging the farm houses. The effect has been to make the Jew peddler who was once so common scarce as hens teeth in this State. Some of the peddlers set up as merchants since then and have made it very interesting for the gentiles who were engaged in the same business.

We remember one occasion when a peddler appeared at a house in the hill portion of this county with most astonishing bargains in counterpanes. He was a young sawed off European who could not talk the language. He would point to a whitened spread and say "ten cent, ten cent," but the people thought he was crazy, but at the next house they purchased six counterpanes at ten cents each and have them yet.

The explanation of these cheap goods is that the peddler had been fitted out by two other peddlers who had risen to have wagons and horses. All three had stopped at a farm house the night before, and in the morning the young Hebrew who was to walk made up a good sized pack, a load for two ordinary men.

Then he was sent to hitch up the horse and while he was gone his employers opened the pack and added a half dozen counterpanes and a lot of other goods. When the peddler had climbed a few hills and opened his pack, found the extra goods he was mail enough to give the things away if necessary to get rid of them. As it was the goods were "sacrificed" for a much better reason, that the merchants generally have for selling below cost.

A play called "Chivalry" took the thousand dollar prize offered by Town Topics for the best drama submitted. The plot is the rape of a white woman by a negro and the burning of the negro by a white mob. It is admitted that the play can never be produced on any stage in this country.

MOSBY'S REMINISCENCES

Extract from his Published Reminiscences, Geo. A. Jones & Co., Boston, Mass.

Rebellion! How many a spirit born to bless, Has sunk beneath that withering name, Whom but a day's—an hour's success Had waited to eternal fame—Tomi Moore.

In April, 1861 I was attending court at Abingdon, Va., when I met a person who had just stepped out of the telegraph office, who informed me that tremendous tidings were passing over the wires. Going in I inquired of the operator what it was, who told me that Lincoln had issued a call for troops. Fort Sumter had fallen two days before. The public was already strained to a high pitch of excitement and it required only a spark to produce an explosion. The indignation aroused by the President's proclamation spread like fire on the prairie and the laws became silent in the midst of arms. People of every age, sex, and condition were carried away on the tide of excited feeling that swept over the land.

The home of Gov. John B. Floyd who had resigned as secretary of war under Buchanan was at Abingdon. I went to his house and told him the news. He immediately issued a call to arms, which resounded like the roll of Ziska's drum among the mountains of southwestern Virginia. Many of the most influential families were descendants of the men who had fought under Morgan and Campbell at Etowah Springs and King's Mountain. Their military spirit was inflamed by stirring appeals to the memories of the deeds their sires had done. Women too came forward to inspire the men with a spirit of heroic self sacrifice and a devotion that rivaled the maidens of Carthage and Saragossa.

All the pride and affection that Virginians had felt in the traditions of government which their ancestors had made, and the inheritance they had bequeathed, were lost in the overpowering sentiment of sympathy with the people who were threatened with invasion. It is a mistake to suppose that the Virginia people went to war in obedience to any decree of their state, commanding them to go. On the contrary the people were in a state of armed revolution before the state had acted in its corporate capacity. I went along with the flood like every body else. A few individuals here and there attempted to breast the storm of passion, and appeared like Virgil's ship wrecked mariners, "Rari nantes in vasto." Their fate did not encourage others to follow their example, and all they did was to serve "like ocean wrecks to illuminate the storm." In anticipation of these events, a cavalry company had for some months, been in progress of organization, which I joined as a private. This company, known as the Washington Mounted Rangers, was immediately called together by its commanding officer Capt. William E. Jones. Capt. Jones was a graduate of West Point, and had resigned some years before from the United States army. Under a rugged and impracticable temper he had had heart beat with warm impulses. To his inferiors in rank he was just and kind, but too much inclined to cross the wishes and criticise and cross the orders of his superiors. He had been a classmate of Stonewall Jackson at the military and related to me many anecdotes of Jackson's piet, as well as of his eccentricities. He was a hard sweater; and a few days after the battle of Bull Run he told me that he was at Jackson's headquarters, and Jackson got very much provoked at something a soldier had done, when Jones said, "Let me cuss him for you, Jackson." He fell in battle with Gen. Hunter, in the Valley of Virginia, in June, 1864. We went into barracks at Abingdon and began drilling.

No service I ever had to perform went as much against the grain as standing guard the first night I was in camp. I had no friends in the cavalry, so I applied to Gov. Letcher for a transfer to an infantry company that had been raised in that part of the county where I resided. But on the very day I made the application a telegraphic order came for us to start to Richmond immediately, and I never heard any more of it. My company marched on horse back all the way to Richmond, about five hundred miles, while the infantry company company went by rail. But how little is the control that mortals have over their own destinies. The company to which I unsuccessfully applied to be transferred became a part of the immortal division of Stonewall Jackson, in which I would only have had a slight chance of asserting my individuality, which would have been merged in the mass. I remember distinctly, now, how with a heart almost bursting with grief in the midst of a rain I bade my friends in the infantry company farewell just as they were about getting on the train. I had no dream that I would ever be anything more than a private soldier. On the same day in rain and mud we started on the road to Richmond. A few days before a flag had been presented to our company by a young lady, with an address in which she reminded the coward dies a thousand deaths and the brave man dies but one. I am sure there was not a man among us who did not feel the ambition of a

CRAZY TEA AND OYSTER SUPPER.

The ladies of the Presbyterian Church at Hillsboro will give a crazy tea and oyster supper at the old Methodist Church on

Friday, December 27, 1901.

beginning at 4 p. m. and continuing until 8:30. Proceeds of supper will be used to finish paying for improvements on the manse. See the following bill of fare:

MENU.
1. The last of poor dog Tray,
2. The cause of neighborhood contention
3. Garden scratchers
4. Chip off the old block
5. Gems from the Emerald Isle
6. Tree cake
7. Mineral cake
8. Woman of grit
9. Condensed fruit juice
10. New England specialties
11. Lay of the last minstrel
12. Great American dessert
13. Misimperitance
14. Berry juice hot
15. Boston overthrown
16. Food for the spinning wheel
17. Spring offering
18. Hidden tears
19. Slices of pine
20. Saccharine frigidity
21. Fruit of the vine

Immediately afterwards Miss Anna Sara Bock will give an Elocutionary entertainment.

youth in Longfellow's poem, bearing

Onward amid the ice and snow of Alpine heights.

He banner with its strange device.

The march to Richmon under a soldier who had bivouaced on the plains was a course of beneficial discipline. The grief of parting from home and friends soon wore away and we were all as gay as gay as if we were going to a wedding or a picnic. Gloom was succeeded by mirth and songs of gladness, and if Abraham Lincoln could have been sprung out of the South as James II was out of England, our company would have done it and saved the country all the fighting. The favorite songs were generally those of sentiment and sadness intermingled with an occasional comic melody. I remember this refrain of one that often resounded from the head to the rear of the column as we passed some farmer's house: He who has good buttermilk a plenty, and gives the soldiers none,

He shan't have any our buttermilk when his buttermilk is gone.

The buttermilk and everything else that the farmer had that was good, was generally given to the soldiers. The country was brimful of patriotism.

The gayety with which men marched into the face of death is not so remarkable as the fortitude and cheerfulness of the wives and mothers who stayed at home and waited the news of the battles. In nearly every home in the South could be found an example of that Spartan mother who sent her son to the wars with her last injunction to return with his shield or return upon it.

This courage exhibited in the beginning, survived to the last, through the blind agony and bloody sweat of the struggle. On reaching Richmond after a few days we were ordered to the Shenandoah Valley. A day or so before we started Capt. Jones made a requisition on the quartermaster department for clothing for his company. We were furnished with suits of a very rough quality of goods manufactured in the Virginia penitentiary. It almost produced mimicry in camp. The men piled the clothes up before the captain's tent. Only two wear them—Private Fountain Beattie and myself. I do not believe any clothes I ever wore did me more service than these. When I became a commander I made Beattie a lieutenant. I think we were both as contented on the picket line, dressed in our penitentiary suits, as we were in the gay uniforms we afterwards wore. Our march from Richmond to the Shenandoah valley was an ovation—our people had no experiences of the misery and desolation that follow in the track of war; they were full of its romance and expected to win battles that would rival the glories of Wagram and Marengo. They never counted the cost of victory.

Our company was incorporated into the 1st regiment of Virginia cavalry, commanded by Col. J. E. B. Stuart. It was stationed at a village called Bunker Hill, on a turnpike leading from Winchester to Martinsburg, and was observing the Union army under Patterson, which was then stationed at the latter place, on the Baltimore & Ohio railroad. Gen. Joseph E. Johnson then had his headquarters at Winchester. I first saw Stuart at Bunker Hill. He had then lately resigned from the United States army to link his fortunes with the Southern Confederacy. He was just twenty eight years of age—one year older than myself—strongly built with blue eyes, ruddy complexion and a reddish beard. He wore a blouse and foraging cap with a linen cover, called a havelock, as a protection against the sun. His personal appearance indicated the distinguishing traits of his character—dash, great strength of will and indomitable energy. Stuart soon showed that he possessed all the qualities of a great leader of cavalry—a sound judgment, a quick intelligence to penetrate the designs of the enemy, mingled with the brilliant courage of a

Rupert.

CLOSING MILLINERY ANNOUNCEMENT!

Tuesday, December 17, 1901

Listen, Lady Customers:

As the season for fall and winter millinery is now well nigh over all persons still wanting anything in trimmed hats or millinery goods of any kind will please come in at once, as we will close out this line of our business on

Tuesday, December 17th,

Thanking you for past patronage and soliciting a continuance of same for the spring trade, we are Yours truly,

PAYNE BROS.

Academy, W. Va.

EAST END LIVERY.

BY C. L. HANGER.

Good Safe Horses, Neat Clean Carriages, Prices Moderate.

I am now occupying the Wilson Stable near the Court-house. Any one in need of first-class livery team will do well to call on me. Phone in office. Will treat you right.

Yours respectfully,

C. L. HANGER.

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is located in the coming industrial center of three States: Ohio, West Virginia and Kentucky. Huntington is beautifully located on the Ohio River, has more wide streets and avenues than any other city in the country. College location most beautiful and healthy. Our close identification with the business interests of the three states immediately adjoining enables us to readily secure employment for our graduates. This is the coming commercial training school. Get your business education where you will be needed in the industrial world. Write for catalog today. Address W. A. RILEY, Sec., Huntington, W. Va.

APPOINTMENTS.

Huntersville Circuit, M. E. Church:

REV H. LAWSON, Pastor.

1st Sunday, —Mr. Vernon, 11 a. m. Sunset, 3 p. m. Huntersville 7:30 p. m.

2d Sunday, —Marlinton 11 a. m. Mt Pleasant 3 p. m.

3d Sunday, —Huntersville 11 a. m. Bethel 3 p. m. Mt Vernon 7:30 p. m.

4th Sunday, —Mt Pleasant 11 a. m. Marlinton 8 p. m.

Marlinton Circuit M. P. Church:

1st Sunday, —Bethel, 10:30 a. m. Riverside, 3:00 p. m.

2d Sunday, —Burr Valley, 10:30 p. m. Beaver Valley, 3:00 p. m.

3d Sunday, —Drop Mt, 10:30 a. m. Brownstown, 3:00 p. m.

4th Sunday, —Fairview, 10:30 a. m. 3:00 p. m.

Marlinton, —

OLIVER LOWTHER, Pastor

Marlinton Circuit.

Order of Publication.

State of West Virginia, Pocahontas County, towit:

At rules held in the clerk's office of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, on the first Monday in the month of December, 1901.

Susan Houdschell Plaintiff vs.

Taylor Daugherty and Nancy J. Lewis alias Nancy J. Rider, Defendants

The object of this suit is to have the dower interest in all the lands of and belonging to J. H. Houdschell at his death, assigned to Susan Houdschell his wife, said lands being situated at or near the town of Frost, within the jurisdiction of said court and containing about ten acres. This day came the plaintiff by her attorney and on his motion and it appearing by affidavit filed that the defendant Taylor Daugherty is a non-resident of this State it is ordered that he do appear here within one month from the date of the first publication of this order and do what is necessary to protect his interest in this suit.

Teste:

J. H. PATTERSON, Clerk.

J. W. YEAGER, Sol.

11-22-1901. Dunmore, W. Va.

NOTICE.

All persons indebted to me by bond or account will please come and settle at once or I will be compelled to place the accounts in the hands of an officer for collection.

Remember I mean what I say, as this is the third time I have given you notice.

Yours respectfully,

R. L. NOTTINGHAM,

11-22-1901. Dunmore, W. Va.

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UNTIL THE ADVENT OF THE

Wonder Heating Stove

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